

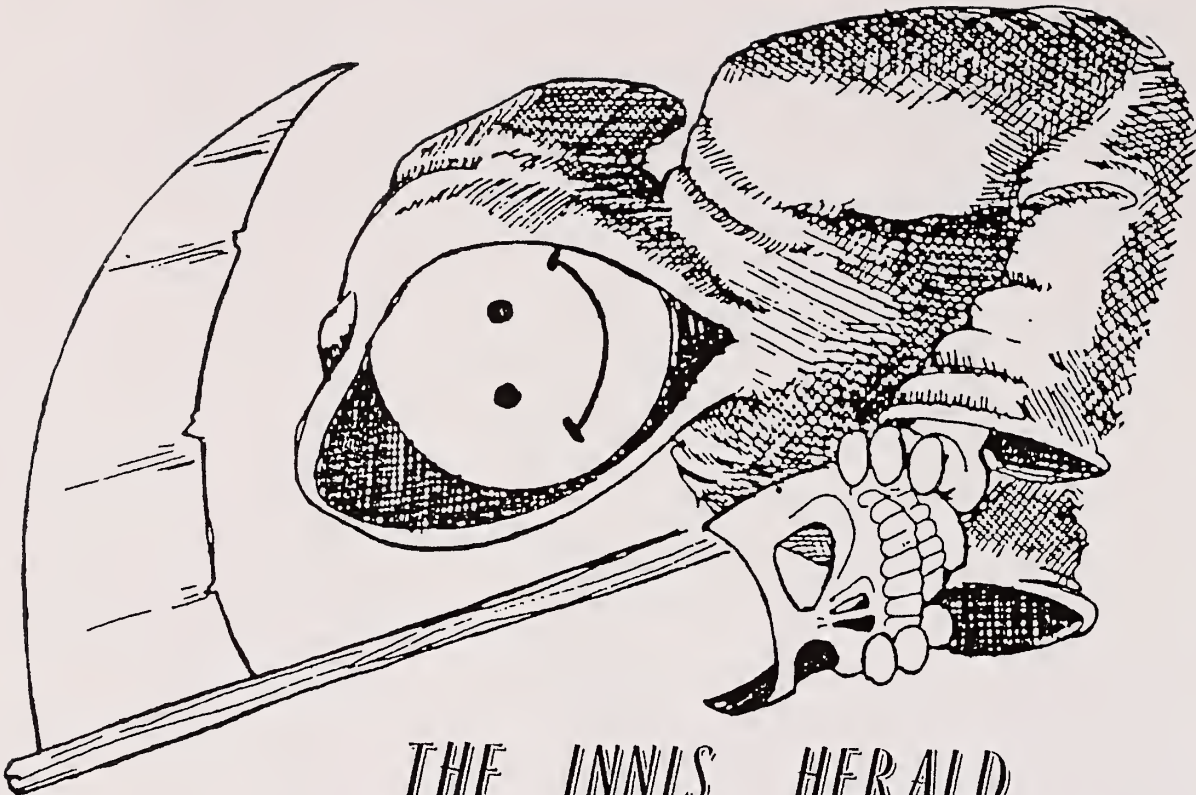
Innis Herald

'89-'90

Oct. 1989

Volume 24

Issue  3



PLACE
STAMP
HERE



The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society and is printed by Walker Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, Innis College, 250 Queen Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5S 1J5

THE INNIS HERALD

The big masthead quote



Blitz

Well, there's been a new rockzine out called Revolution. I've been too broke to buy a copy but I leafed thru it until the cashier yelled at me and it looked kinda cool- not great, but cool. The thing that really got me, though was the zine's name, "Revolution", a popular rock'n'roll word, right up there with "rebellion" and "Sex-and-drugs-and...". It's an easy term to laugh at when applied to most bands, since most bands and most listeners are so far removed from the cutting edge of anything that the word is just a catchphrase. But, cynics to the contrary, there have been and still are genuinely revolutionary bands and ideas in rock. They're not traditional revolutionaries: for the most part they are apolitical because music transcends politics. They're about altering your outlook, not your government. Bands like (to name just a few) the Replacements, the Grateful Dead, the Sex pistols, the MC5 and 7 Seconds don't put forward political platforms (the closest they get is the MC5's "Rock'n'roll, love and fucking in the streets" which is, my admiration for the 5 notwithstanding, really stupid); they put forward spiritual ones. Whereas the politicians want to turn your focus towards their goals, the best rock bands see the transformation of the self as the greatest good, and the goals which the new self pursues as secondary, because the undeveloped self's choices are less valid than those of the developed self. Or, to use an analogy, someone who has been allowed to mature is going to be a more valuable member of whatever cause he/she supports than someone who has been fed propaganda but never achieved self-realization. You must be free to give freedom to others.



Of course, rock bands are not the sole proponents of this. Artists of all genres have realized this and expressed it, including Whitman, Nietzsche and Robert Anton Wilson. We must be humans first and gamers second: Reversing the priorities leads to atrocities like the regimes of Hitler or Stalin, and more generally to racism and sexism and all other forms of discrimination. We are not men or women, whites or blacks, communists or fascists; we are all humans. To use the Bible's words we should hate the sin and love the sinner (though never forgetting that words such as "sin" are always our own subjective interpretations).

Ideas such as this, glorifying the self above the masses, are in dramatic opposition to the views of mainstream society, naturally. Governments, and the majority of society which they claim to represent, have almost always been afraid of and hostile to individuals asserting their rights (one of the few exceptions being the United States in its first few decades). That is why good rock'n'roll tends to have an anarchist tinge to it. But even this tinge is as impolitical as it can get. Rather than saying "smash the state and free the people", the rockers say "govern those who want to be governed, but leave us alone!"

Yes, this is an egotistic statement. But in the end we are all individuals, and this is the glory of being human, a glory shared by no other living creatures. Call it sentiment, or self consciousness, or just say "I AM!", its joy remains. This is what the best rock- the best of all art- celebrates: being alive and being aware. And in a world suffused with tyranny, masochism and oppression (the most powerful proponent of these in the Western World having been the Christian Church), this is a truly revolutionary sentiment. As the Bad Brains say, "Where can Jah love be now? My dear it's here in the underground." You don't have to be a Rasta to appreciate the truth of this. When joy is outlawed, then only outlaws will know joy.

hey, I bet y'all are just dying to know what's comin' up in the Herald. well, we got some good stuff happening. niclissu young'll be telling ya about SAC, that nefarious corrupter of the young, and simon jester'll be ranting about an aesthetic problem in our society, and we'll have lots more cool stuff that we can't tell ya about yet because you haven't subinlited it. so why wait? write! love,

editburo



@rty

Greetings from the Editburo: Welcome to Innis or Welcome Back to Innis, whatever the case may be. A few words about The Herald. This periodical, as we see it, performs a dual function. The first is to provide relevant news and information to the Innis College community. The second is to be a forum and podium for any and all ideas, issues and concerns that may arise on the U. of T. campus and beyond. In case you didn't know, Universities have a responsibility to the rest of society, beyond being a daycare for post-adolescents. It is not enough to play euchre. This University does not exist in isolation and events occurring in the "real" world pertain directly to us here on this campus.

The Herald maintains an open submission policy, meaning we will accept anything from anyone (even non-Innisites) providing that they avoid the evil -ISMS that plague this society (sexism, racism, and other bad reasons for hating people). Be as didactic as you want, just be prepared to accept the consequences of taking a position. Have an opinion? Write for us.

What we are going to avoid is some faults common in all college "newspapers". The Herald, in its parochial function, will not be a gossip rag/social registrar. We have things to do here. On the other hand, we will not try to be newsworthy and up to date; our monthly publishing schedule precludes that. Our very reasonable goal is to publish a periodical that will remain current for an entire month. Hence, our content will be mainly artstuf and perspective type pieces; we are not trying to publish news as it happens. And yab, we want to have some good, clean, harmless fun. Given all that, we aim to create a progressive, regular and consistently entertaining campus forum. Of course, we still need your articles. Blitz can't write everything.

Be cool, Peace and Love,
The Editburo

The Innis Herald

volume 24, issue one

"The paper whose goal is the subjugation of the entire known universe"

The Gorn Supreme High Command (Editburo)
Admiral @rty, Scourge of the Spaceways
Brigadier Blitz, Crusher of Worms
Captain Cheri, She-Creature From Hell
Comrade Braz, Glorious Leader of the Revolutionary Proletariat
The ElderOne Rick, The Celtic Elf

The Death-10rdes of Demonic Slime Include:
Burkhard Rob Stanley
Steve Gravestock
Alyria Golden Alan Sharpe
Jim Shedden Art Wilson
Simon Jester Maria Montez
Cheri's Beatbox

The Deposed Puppets of the Evil Capitalist
Octopus Moloch;
Jenny Baby Alex the Dude

Make Money Writing Short Paragraphs

graphs

Dear Herald,
No Farm? Cries of
Anguish and Regret Erupt from
this Corner. It seems so Unfair to
Deprive the Firsters of this Annual
Experiment in Human Limits.
Psychic Warfare? Stars Cascading
Over Stars Past the Treetops into
your Drink? Chilled Vodka for
breakfast? Love and Rebirth of
Consciousness? It's All Over Now.
Where is Dionysus Now? The
Semi-Formal Costume Party?
Forget it! I Went as Lester Bangs,
but Everyone Thought I Was Legs
McNeil. I Just Got Drunk on
Others Booze.

Horton,
Horn Creek

Dear Editors,

It has come to my attention that there is to be no article about Bob Jovi or Tiffany in this Herald. I cannot believe that your journal would ignore the two most important contributors to modern culture in this decade. As this epoch draws to a close, amidst decadence and passion, these two thought-provokers lie buried under your silly concerns for the environment and liberty.

Moreover it has further come to my attention that the Innis Publics workers are involved in a brisk and lucrative bootleg trade in T.H.I. tapes. I have seen them personally hiring unsuspecting students, and indeed, the Principal of this institution, with promises of last year's C.N.E. show (both sets!). I intend to inform the U. of T. Police of this matter.

Oh! Tiffany! Why don't you call? I'm a-waiting and a-wondering!

sincerely,
Allan Bloom

(editorial note: Allan Bloom's article The Decline of The Canadian Mind and What Came After in Five Easy Steps was recently rejected by this periodical. Since then, he has been very bitter and has a definite axe to grind. In the interests of freedom of speech we are printing Alan's letter, but really, noone should take any of his comments, in any context whatsoever, seriously.)

Dear Editor,
I realize that this relates to last year's Herald, but still, how can I live justly his claim that the new Replacements album is the best rock album of the Eighties when Neil Young has released no less than eight albums in this decade, all of which are the best of the Eighties?

-a very confused
Cinephile
Girl

- a very confused Cinnamon Girl

Dear Girl:
The answer is yes. The Replacements, who have been around since 1981, are still only a rock band, and indeed he transcends everything, including space, time, and aesthetic standards. By the way it has now been decided that the status of best album of the Eighties is split between the Replacements, new one, *Lunar Time*, by Soul Asylum, and the old one, *Don't Want To Grow Up* by the Dead & Company. *Ten Arcs* by Husker Du. All (except *Revenge*, which sucks) and *Thunder and Consolation* by New Model Army. Hope this helps to clarify things for you

Don Editor,
Why isn't there a Heavy
Metal Column?
Signed,
Olin and Warren
Scarborough

To the Editors,
As an armchair social critic and dilettante social reformer, I regret to inform you of the egregious misconceptions presented in Greg Sutton's Domesday Dome article in the last issue of the *Times Herald* (March 89). Though the editorship has changed since then, I am still unsure of the paper's position on bad articles. My complaints of this type are many, so I'll keep this one brief.

D) While Mr. Sutton's criticism is laudable, I wish he would have attempted to do a little more than just say that the city is "too big." The city is too big for its class — Mr.

1) While Mr. Sutton's civic pride is laudable, I wish he would have made some attempt to define what a "world-class" city is.

3) Sutton's article was unbalanced. He ignored the controversial elements associated with the dome, dismissing them as "ridiculous criticisms." Ridiculous is a subjective term, and the dome is equipped with intricate details, including an expenditure of \$10 million.

3) Surrendering to the
balanced. He
interwoven elements
with the dome, dismissing
"ridiculous criticisms." "Ridiculous
isn't it, that the Dome is
a) equipped with inferior
artificial turf.
b) an expenditure based
on a philosophy of bread and
circuses.
c) allowing private
citizens to make mega-bucks on
the site of the
theater's money.
d) equipped with another
McDonalds:
theater with... shot

c) allowing private
to make mega bucks on
the philosophy of bread
and butter.
d) equipped with another
to produce trash.
e) equipped with another
to produce trash.

4) Sutton should be shot for
this city has enough trash.
5) Sutton should be added to the
his criminal claim that the
will make a skyline. From
corner of St. George and Sussex,
Toronto can see the Dunelm's shiny
one can see the Dunelm's shiny
hubbub-fucking nothing else like a
Tower, fucking nothing else like a
fresh whitewash. Yeah, zits are
beautiful too.

Alan Orgzome

Alan Orgz

Don't spread it
on my stockings

(oh yeah- three things to mention. First of all, all opinions expressed in the letters, and in articles too for that matter, are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the *Innis Herald*, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher. Secondly, we won't print any sexist, racist, agist or homophobic stuff, so if you're the type of asshole who gets off on that then just kill yourself , okay? Thirdly, our mailing address is: The Gorn Supreme High Command c/o the *Innis Herald* , 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1J5)

Powerlessness of the people



Innis Film Continues

Maria Montez

If you're among those who might be referred to as film junkies, you've likely spent the summer forking over unreasonable amounts of cash to see embarrassingly awful summer trash flicks, since this was just about the only sort of film available. There was, of course, the Fassbinder retrospective and maybe you even survived all of that without bumping yourself off in a fit of depression or murdering a family member or two. Either way, you'll be pleased to hear that the Innis Film Series recommences Sept. 21st. As in past years, we'll be screening films every Thursday night at seven o'clock in Innis Town Hall. There will also be a few additional Friday and Saturday screenings. The price of the screenings will be generally three dollars, though there will also be some free screenings (e.g. three of the first four screenings).

Our first night, Thursday, Sept. 21, will be a double bill of films by Emile de Antonio, *Painters Painting* and *Millhouse*. These films embody, respectively the twin, often contradictory, impulses of the avant-garde, *anti-pur* and political interventionism. On September 28th look for two masterworks by one of the greatest filmmakers of all time, Robert Bresson, *Une Femme Douce*, and *Mouchette*.

The next week sees back-in-back programming. On October 5th, recent work from the Canadian avant-garde will be shown, first better of for worse. Look for films by Phil Hoffman, Gary Popovich, Michael Hoolboom, Vincent Grenier, and Carl Brown. The next night, the brilliant film scholar and philosopher, Noel Carroll (from Cornell), will discuss the sight gag in comedy. Chaplin's

Pawn Shop, and *The Immigrant*, and Keaton's *The General* will be screened.

Canadians dominate the next two weeks as well. Michael Snow's (of SkyDome fame) *La Région Centrale*, the greatest Canadian avant-garde film, according to Bruce Elder, and the "first" Canadian film according to Innis instructor and scholar Bart Testa, will be screened. If you missed it at the Art Gallery last spring (and you must have since almost no one was there!), here's a second chance. The next week is a David Rimmer festival. On Thursday the 19th, we're featuring a historical retrospective, including a twin screened masterpiece, *Canadian Pacific and Canadian Pacific II*, to be engineered by Innis's illustrious tech-girl, Kate MacKay. On the following Saturday, Rimmer will be present to screen his newest works, *Divine Mannequin*, and *Black Cat/White Cat: It's a Good Cat if it Catches the Mouse*, an experimental documentary made before the disaster. Rimmer will also be screening and discussing *Bricolage*, and *Along The Road to Altamira*.



Elf Theatre

another article by the elf

Last year I decided not to write a theatre column for this paper. I felt no-one gave a damn. All attempts to get a theatre production into Town Hall in 1987-88 were stonewalled by a turgid ICSS, who were unable to make creative decisions in time to book Town Hall. Last year, the idea never came up.



On October 26th, for all you hippy-New Age-astro-aware animation fans, we're showing Harry Smith's *Heaven and Earth Magic Feature*, a classic of the American avant-garde. Following that, Innis Film links up with the Art Gallery of Ontario to present a series of films under the theme "The Body in Film", curated by filmmaker and scholar Bruce Elder. On November 2nd we're presenting films by MacDowell Medal winner Stan Brakhage (*The Act of Seeing With One's Own Eyes*, a filmed autopsy, and *Amnic Numeral Series 13-19*). On November 9th, we present Part IV of Andrew Noren's *The Exquisite Corpse*. On November 23rd we continue our examination of the American avant-garde with a programme curated by Dave Morris, "Film Grain", with works by Nathaniel Dorsky, Ernie Gehr, and Paul Slurits. The final screening of 1989 will involve bikers, Italian, the Surfaris, and astrology: Kenneth Anger's complete film work, *Magick Lantern Cycle*. It's free...

The Innis Film spring program is still to be determined, but will likely include works by Peter Greenaway, Marjorie Keller (who will be a guest lecturer), Joseph Cornell, Jean Epstein, and Hans Jürgen Syberberg. You can pick up an official schedule for the fall programme around Innis College. Memberships, which provide free admission to all screenings (in 89-90), may be purchased for \$30 (\$25 for Innis students -- roughly \$1.00 per show) from Jim Shedden in room 322 (phone 978 7790), or before any of the screenings. If your film tastes tend towards "art" films (Godard, Antonioni, Bunuel, etc.), avant-garde films, or documentaries, you are encouraged to attend the first meeting of Innis Film on Oct. 5th, at 5:00 p.m. in room 223, before the 7:00 p.m. screening.

Recent developments have brought me back to the idea that perhaps theatre at Innis may have a future. Innis (or at least Innis Pub regular) Laura Forth's play, *God Is As Dead As A Doorknob*, recently played the Toronto Fringe Festival to generally favourable reviews. The Globe and Mail, no less, wrote a glowing review, placing it above other performances reviewed in the same column. Why did this play's maiden performance take place at the SAC Hangar? Could it not have played here?

Freebies

like, a blurb by Steve

Are you into art and film and stuff? Can you handle getting in long lines hours before showtime for a film you may not like anyway? Can you bear standing in lines for hours while obnoxious bureaucrats chatter incessantly about how much they love a filmmaker that you can't stand - or worse, one you love? Can you keep your cool when some Bay Street hoyden spills her cappuccino on you?

Innis is an arts college. Why is theatre consistently ignored here? In 1979 an imaginative production of *My Fair Lady* was staged in Town Hall. In early 1987 Edward Albee's frightening turkey, *Lolita* was given a better production than it merited. And who can forget Blitz's stunning Juliet at the 1987 Folk Night? For the last two years though, the Town Hall and Innis College have been "dark" for theatre. Is there anyone out there with the ideas and tenacity to stage something? Considering the practical problems, even guerrilla theatre in the Pit (during exam time) would be a positive step.

Do you have enough self-control to stop yourself from plunging a knife deep into Ringer Ebert's back when you spot him on the other side of a theatre lobby? Are you ruthless, unethical and unprincipled? Do you have a lot of free time from Sept. 7 to Sept. 14? If you answered yes to all, some, or none of the above, you may be the person to help cover the 14th annual Festival of Festivals. If interested please call Steve at 340-1785 or Blitz or @rty at 978-4748.

The Obscured and Unexpected

Burkhard

This is not intended to be some type of game, more like an experiment; I'd like you to guess what contemporary musician could be expected to acquire the following facts and reviews:

our mystery artist has released more than 20 LP's in the last two decades.

he (hint) has produced and participated in film scores (for example, Roman Polanski's 1988 film *Frantic*), theatrical scores, operas and a Broadway hit.

Rolling Stone Magazine said: "Sex, drama, romance accordion - his music contains nearly everything worthwhile life has to offer."

The Boston Globe, Vancouver Sun, San Francisco Bay Guardian and others called his 1986 hit record one of the year's best.

during one of his live shows a visitor tried to shoot him because he played "strange" music.

his compositions have been covered by Grace Jones, Georges Moustaki and the Kronos Quartet.

His name is Astor Piazzolla. He was born in 1921 near Buenos Aires, raised in New York City until he was 16 and then, upon moving back to Argentina, started to revolutionize the Tango.

"The Tango", Astor Piazzolla declares, "is a very boring music. It's so repetitive... I got bored of listening to the same tangos played over and over, the same old cheap harmonies. I needed a change, it was in my blood." So, he did change the music, so much that critics and the public alike started to threaten him on the street and over the telephone. Opposition to his new breed of Tango eventually forced Piazzolla to spend a number of years in "artistic" exile in Paris until 1987.

His music is called *New Tango* or *Nuevo Tango* and it's formula has been expressed by Piazzolla as:

"Tango + Tragedy + Comedy + Kilombo (Whorehouse) = New Tango". Using a bandoneon, which resembles an accordion, but does not feature the accordion's keyboard to the right, Piazzolla creates tangos filled with emotional energy that can range from extreme sadness to perfect happiness. The full range of musical sensations is expressed with rhythm changes and combinations of jazz, rock'n'roll and classical influences.

During his 50 years of writing and performing the New Tango, the Argentinian musician worked with principally two group arrangements; first with the *Nuevo Octeto - The New Octet* and now with the *Quinteto Nuevo Tango - The New Tango Quintet*. It is this New Tango Quintet that is featured on one of the few available records domestically. Entitled "Huevo Tango: Huevo Zero - Tangos Zero Hour", Piazzolla summarizes the original I. R. S. release by remarking that, "This is absolutely the greatest record I've made in my entire life. We gave our souls to this record". The LP's seven tracks feature stunning violin, piano, guitar and bass; the lack of drums and percussion provides Piazzolla with an arena to create the rhythm mostly with his bandoneon.

The one other recording that I have seen around town is an Electra/Nonesuch concertino product, which would mostly inspire listeners with a classical ear. Although the "Tres Tangos - Three Tangos" side of the LP is wonderfully melodic and appealing, the import make it not really worth it. Should you ever come across a South-American release of any of his material, get it because it will remain one of those time-less treasures. (And if you don't like it, I'll buy it!)

Real Communication

Alan Sharpe

A yuppie spoke to Philip in The Amsterdam Brew Pub last Saturday.

"What do you do?" he asked. "Student," said Philip. The yuppie swigged his Corona. "Cigarette?"

"Non-smoker," said Philip. He looked at Philip's "Free Canada-Trade Mulroney" T-shirt. "What are you taking?" he asked.

"Peace and Conflict Studies," said Philip.

"Oh yeah, what's that?" he asked.

"Basically, it's the study of the causes of human conflict. You know, historically, politically, psychologically, that sort of thing."

"What kind of job does that get you?" he asked.

Philip stifled a yawn. "Oh, External Affairs, Teaching, Journalism, United Nations, that kind of thing."

"I sell imitation car phones," said the yuppie.

"Oh," said Philip. "I sell imitation beepers as well," the yuppie continued.

"Imagine the level of the mind that wants a fake car phone," said Philip.

"Great for getting chicks," said the yuppie. "They all think you're a somebody."

"How much is an imitation car phone?" asked Philip.

"Ninety bucks," said the yuppie.

"Ever had someone bounce a cheque on you when paying for one?" joked Philip.

"Don't accept cheques, just cash."

Philip glanced sideways. What the hell, he thought.

"Ever had someone, maybe, pay you with counterfeit money?" he asked.

"Not yet," said the yuppie, ordering another drink.

Philip paused for some time. "I hear boomerangs are coming back," he said, finally.

"Un huh," said the yuppie.

"Gotta go," said Philip.

"Don't blame you," said the yuppie. "The music in here is always too loud. My ears are starting to ring."

More news is good news

Do The Liberal Thing

Steve Graveslock

It's generally accepted that no film should be lauded simply because of its subject. Confusion of subject and achievement prevents fruitful analysis of the work's subject and implicitly confirms any fallacies concerning the subject which may appear in the work. Real issues are obscured or ignored and everyone relaxes thinking something's been addressed though nothing has. This is a peculiarly liberal, left wing trait and normally shows up in conservative periods. This tendency was most regrettably evident in the praise lavished on Stanley Kramer's supposedly socially relevant films in the 50's and 60's. In movies like *The Defiant Ones*, *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, and *Judgment at Nuremberg*, Kramer regurgitated the worst but most comforting clichés about hot issues like racism, anti-Semitism and war crimes, providing solace to his liberal, middle class audience. There was a strong element of political and aesthetic blackmail written into these films. If you rejected them on aesthetic terms - they featured cardboard characters and horrible overacting - or pointed out that it wasn't exactly beneficial to consider these issues in the same old useless terms, you were just splitting hairs or worse you just didn't care.

To a significant extent, audiences and critics have responded in much the same way to Spike Lee's new film *Do the Right Thing* which has been praised - to use the terms newspaper critics love - for taking a tough look at racism. Lee is a much more sophisticated filmmaker than Stanley Kramer. This obviously is one of the reasons why audiences have responded favorably to the film; it's a technical tour de force. However, in this film at least, Lee's thinking isn't any more sophisticated than Kramer's was. *Do the Right Thing* is a confused and in some ways an extremely ugly mess. None of the issues the film purports to address have been clearly discussed or dramatized.

The debate about Lee's film is further complicated by another false assumption. As Stanley Crouch noted in the *Village Voice*, white people assume that, because Lee is black, he must know more about racism and its causes. However, this is not necessarily true. Racism is an extremely complicated economic, political and social phenomenon and only a truly adept social critic would be capable of even an adequate discussion of it. Spike Lee is not a very skillful or perceptive social critic. This was evident if you saw the muddled *School Daze*, his last film.

The best way to illustrate this point is by analogy. Who knows more about the Vietnam War: Oliver Stone, who was in combat there, or Norman Mailer, who wasn't there? Obviously Norman Mailer, who was the most trenchant social critic of the 60's. Or to push the point a little more, who's a greater authority on anti-Semitism, Anne Frank or Hannah Arendt?

Set in the predominantly black Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto on the hottest day of the year, the film has a loose rambling structure and a large cast. The central events involve Sal's Famous Pizzeria, a restaurant owned and operated by a middle-aged Italian and his two sons. Sal (Danny Aiello) has been

in the neighbourhood for years and he's respected to some extent. When a high-strung character, Buggin-Out (Giancarlo Esposito), tries to organize a boycott of the restaurant for what he perceived to be an injustice, he's ignored and ridiculed. Racial tensions, however, are evident from the very first time we see the restaurant. Sal's eldest son, Pino (John Turturro), hassles Mookie (Spike Lee), the delivery guy, simply because he's black. Pino constantly complains about having to work in a neighbourhood among the "animals." The heat gets to everyone - people are shrieking at one another from the first scene - and it gets worse as the day progresses. At closing time, Buggin-Out charges in, accompanied by two others, and a fight breaks out. When the cops arrive, a black kid is killed. The enraged mob, initially drawn by the fight, flees out and trashes the pizzeria.

Unfortunately, Lee never creates any economic or social context for the racial tensions; there's general anger and frustration at whites but there's no evidence of oppression at all. Sal's no oppressor; he lets Mookie get away with murder. (Mookie never acknowledges this; in fact, he feels put upon.) There's no trace of poverty, crime or drugs and Lee has made a lot of hay over questions about their absence. Essentially, Lee calls people who ask about their absence racists. However aren't those the factors that make ghetto life so shitty? Aren't these the factors which create the kind of anger and frustration which spark racial incidents? There's no explanation for the anger and frustration the neighbourhood's inhabitants feel except for the heat. This is a morose and worthless observation. Heat is an integral part of racial incidents, like Watts, but to cite this as a sufficient cause means you ignore the social and economic conditions which are far more significant than the weather. Poverty is only mentioned once in the film, but the character who mentions it, Da Mayor (Ossie Davis), is considered irrelevant and a disgrace by the younger black characters who publicly berate him. They don't appear to lack money and never express concern over not having any. There doesn't seem to be any housing crunch. In the city with one of the largest homeless populations in the United States there are no homeless. This is an awfully genteel, awfully middle class ghetto.



Lee falls back on the most useless liberal clichés about racism. The only true racist in the film is Pino (John Turturro), Sal's son, who's irrational, dumb and sadistic. He spends most of his time beating up his younger brother and hassling Mookie. Mookie points out the contradictions in Pino's hatred of black people by quizzing him on who his idols are. They're all black but Pino doesn't really see them as black; according to him, they're something better. Pino won't admit any contradictions in his reasoning. In other words, People are racists because they're

ignorant or evil. This film, despite the claims of the director and its supporters, operates firmly within a mainstream framework. Economics don't matter in determining social attitudes, even though this is one of the reasons the South was able to play poor whites off against blacks. This is also one of the reasons why liberal critics have loved this film. It approaches a huge blunder. This approach prevents him from addressing the real causes of frustration and racial tension or establishing any acceptable dramatic reason for them. In fact, Lee does use stereotypes. What does he think the middle-aged guys lying around and bullshitting, the mythic Uncle Remus Da Mayor (Song of the South) violin play when he appears, the insanely energetic militant Buggin-Out, and the boom box bully Raheem are? Haven't these sorts of images already appeared in Hollywood movies? If he says they are real aren't drugs and crime and most importantly poverty, since it creates the grounds for the others, real. Worse, by not dramatizing economic depression Lee presents an awfully negative image of black people. Only one black guy in the film has a job.

There's a less charitable and probably more accurate view of what causes anger and frustration in the film. Since social and economic conditions don't figure in Lee's view, he appears to suggest that blacks and whites simply can't live together. If the whites were gone and the races were segregated, there wouldn't be any racial tension. Racial violence is imminent even before the death. Buggin-Out almost gets into a fight with a white guy because he scuffed his Air Jordans. If we're supposed to assume the criticisms of institutions etc., we're imputing criticisms and issues that Lee has consciously and intentionally left out. We're back in the 50's when Kramer was praised for simply mentioning a subject rather than actually dealing with it. By taking out economics, Lee reduces things to racial lines. This approach takes us back to the 60's when societal tensions were seen in cultural terms. These are useless terms since the guy with long hair who also digs the same music that you do can turn into Bill Graham (ed. note: Bill Graham was always an asshole...) or the president of Gelfen Enterprises.

Lee claims that he idealized his Bed-Stuy because he didn't want to use Hollywood stereotypes of blacks. One can understand his hatred of these images but both dramatically and politically this attributes racism to ignorance, psychosis or just too miserable to be alive mean spiritedness and allows them to distance themselves from the whole issue of racism. It also avoids discussing economics, especially wealth disparity, something far more central to why blacks have always had an inferior position in American society. First they were used as slaves in the South and then as a cheap labour force in the North. If Lee had discussed economics, the film would have been dismissed as too political or too doctrinaire.

One of the most galling things about this movie is that anyone can walk away with any interpretation they like and they wouldn't be necessarily be wrong even if they got totally different messages from it. Spike Lee lacks the narrative skills to deal with a complex situation. He establishes complexity by contradicting himself or using imagery that's unexplained. Unless the viewer goes into the film already high on

it because of its subject and the polemics Lee has constructed around it, he has to come out totally confused. There are no homeless but Mookie lives with his sister while his girlfriend and their son live with her mother. Is this because they can't afford to live together or because Mookie is irresponsible? Both his sister and Tina complain about him being irresponsible and he's always goofing off at work. He doesn't really seem to care much about Tina or their kid; he stops by once a week, maybe. Is it because Tina apparently screams obscenities at him constantly whenever they're together and he can't bare to live with her? Choose one of the above.



The contradictions and confusion are worse when you think about the riot that concludes with the film. Is the riot an irrational blunder but understandable act or is it something more positive? Lee was reportedly astounded when he heard that the Cannes Jury didn't see Mookie as heroic. (Mookie starts the riot by throwing a trash can through Sal's window.) If Lee considers the action as heroic can it be pointless? Apparently, the shot of the rioter's being cleared from the fireman's way is supposed to be an allusion to a nonviolent demonstration in the 60's. Is this a comment on how pointless the action is in comparison, on how little things have changed, on how the North is as bad as the South, on how blacks lack conscious political direction and can only act on the spur of the moment - this would plug in with the retarded guy who sells pictures of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King in the street and who can't explain what they mean - or does it suggest that they're heroic as those nonviolent demonstrators? Does Sal deserve what he gets because he calls someone a nigger in an uncharacteristic moment at what presented as an extremely tense point? Is Mookie a traitor because he starts the riot even when he knows Sal's not really responsible for Raheem's death or is he heroic for sacrificing his job to make a statement?

The movie features Malcolm X and Martin Luther King imagery and ends with quotes, one from King advocating non-violence and one from Malcolm advocating violence in self-defense. These quotes have nothing to do with the death of trashing the restaurant. The destruction of the restaurant is an understandable though futile act but it's hardly the kind of violence Malcolm X was talking about. No one touches the cops.

Lee never establishes any authorial presence which would suggest how we're supposed to see the events. He just rams the opposing views in our faces. Consequently, every view seems justified, even Radio Raheem's and Buggin-Out's idiotic complaints. A real artist, like Renoir or Ray, would have let us understand why a character did something wrong but allowed us some perspective on their actions. We wouldn't be expected or forced to accept an idiotic point of view.

If you want to see the wide range of interpretations this film allows just check out any newspaper or the issue of the *Village Voice* devoted to it. In the *Globe*, Rick Green praised it because it encouraged people to do something about racism, like the

characters in the film. Like trashing the nearest restaurant? Roger Ebert called it a "joyous slice of life." A killed is killed, and a guy's restaurant is trashed. Man, that's joyous. In the *Voice*, Thulani Davis applauded the film apparently for having no point of view whatsoever. J. Hoberman had troubles with the ending but fell back on the Kramer defense.

When I've talked to people about this film - and believe me I've talked - I encounter several arguments. The first is that I'm asking too much of the film but certainly asking a film to address its subject isn't asking too much of it. The second defense imputes a criticism to the film. Lee asks us to fight the powers that be. What powers? Sal? The third is that the film represents an intervention into the political process - there's a call to go out and vote at the end of the film - and that it's intended to be an attack on Ed Koch, the mayor of New York City. However, Lee never attacks Koch on any specific point and the film polarizes things along racial lines in the same way that Koch has. Besides, the dramatic logic of the film makes political action seem irrelevant. It's just blacks versus whites. As a result, the call to vote seems like a sick joke. The fourth is that it's inherently radical to include images of black culture in a mainstream movie. However, these images have no economic or political context and therefore no political meaning. They might be in a more standard Hollywood movie. When a liberal attempts social criticism we end up with travel footage, shots of wild, exotic cultures. The people in the film might as well be Leutonian. Another argument I've heard is that I want a piece of agitprop with emblematic scenes.



However, this movie is full of these kind of scenes anyway. As Terrence Rafferty noted in the *New Yorker*, the whole movie is constructed to prove that "any white person pushed hard enough will betray his contempt for blacks." Sal is a cardboard construct designed to prove this point. Does anyone believe that someone could run a restaurant for 25 years in an area with racial tensions and not know a more efficient way of dealing with trouble than running after people with a baseball bat over a rather routine incident? The last argument I've encountered is that I want a Marxist critique and that the film wouldn't have been made if it was a Marxist analysis. This is the Stanley Kramer argument again: that it's better to address something even if you use the same old categories. Liberal politics don't take us very far in this area. They haven't for 200 years. The liberals can criticize racists as ignorant and we'll still have ghettos.

Lee has attempted something very ambitious and he should be applauded for the attempt. However, the end result is a confused and reactionary mess and it would be a disservice to the artist and his subject to applaud.

the outcome.

Pagan Rites on the Innis Green

article by Alysa Golden

No, really! I really am going to write on this topic. You'll see...really.

It all started when Mr. Bliizopoulos (you know, the one in the fedora) asked me, on pain of having a Gorn throw a styrofoam rock at me, to write an article. This is it.

Now, I am not, let me first explain, trying to convert anyone to Paganism, or Innis, for that matter. I would simply like to show you how the principles of Paganism can be applied to Orientation, Innis and the American way.

Example #1: Orientation = parties. Orientation can prove hazardous to your health in a number of ways, but partying is the biggest. You go to three, maybe four incredibly loud bashes, maybe drinking a little too much to keep up with all those third and fourth year students, and you end up with...yes, you guessed it, a headache. What to do? In Paganism, we believe that the earth is the source of a great amount of energy. Take your head and go lie down on the earth (there is a lovely lawn at Innis). Breathe the healing energy in and the toxin-filled headache out. You will feel better. P.S. - you might also want to try this just before going to bed to lessen your chances of a headache in the morning.

Example #2: Orientation = Stress. There is the stress of signing up and lining up. Day after day you get shoved around by the long arm of an institution to whom, you often feel, you are nothing more than a nine digit number on a piece of plastic. You are right to feel this way. It's true. However, this is what Orientation is for. It can orientate you. But to make your journey

through the belly of the whale a little easier (pardon the Christian reference) you may want to try the old Pagan trick of affirmation. Fill in the blanks and repeat each of the following three times each, three times a day.

My name is _____
I am a wonderful _____
I am calm, relaxed and content in all I do today at _____

You will feel the tension aroused by being processed like a kraft single magically disappear.

Example #3: Orientation = People. This is it. Your turn to meet around 85 new friends. These will be your very own best friends throughout University. If you don't make them now, you will be lonely and labelled a squib for your whole U. of T. career. This is, unfortunately, a common misconception. Even if you know it isn't true, I suspect that most of you feel pressured by it to a certain extent. And here, once again, good old common sense Paganism has a helpful hint. Think about your other friends. They like you, right? Whenever you get "squib" anxiety, turn to the East - the direction of beginning - and say: _____ likes me because I am _____ (funny, warm, gay great...). Then turn to the West - the direction of connection - and repeat it. Do this three times a day and friends will come flocking to the new, relaxed, confident you. (And if it doesn't work, you can always edit the Herald. guess who.)

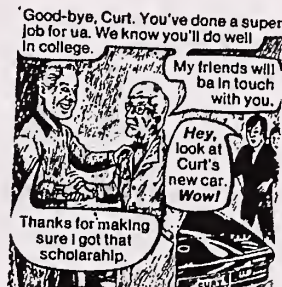
Well, I think I've tied Paganism in with Orientation pretty damn well. Now for Innis and the American Way.

First, Innis. There is a great patio with picnic tables on the second floor that is probably the most underused excellent place to be outside on the entire campus. Go there during Orientation sometime.

Second, the American Way. We at Innis have zero tolerance for anyone who does not have a good time in the cafe, so enjoy the great food and sunny smile of Daddy Elf and all the other elves during Orientation.

Please tune in next Herald for more words of wisdom on Paganism and You. Spirals and Stars,

Alysa.



Rob Talks

The beginning of a new school year is quickly approaching and all of you entering University for the first year are no doubt feeling both nervous and excited. It's very important to get your University career off to a good start, so I strongly urge all of you to get involved in the orientation events we have planned for you at Innis. During registration on September 5th and 6th, we will have booths set up so that you can sign up for the different orientation events. We will also be offering tours of the campus which should really help you find your way around the University in the first few weeks of classes.

For most of the orientation events, no sign-up is necessary and everyone can attend. However, for events such as the evening at Yuk Yuk's and the Blue Jay game, tickets are limited so you must sign up early if you want to attend. During registration, you can also sign up for the different sport's that Innis has to offer. As you can see by the schedule of events, we have two weeks of fun filled activities planned for you so be sure to get involved. Your first two weeks at University could prove to be the most important time for you. When you enter Innis during orientation, don't be afraid to ask me, or any of the orientation leaders, any questions you might have. We're there to make you feel welcome at your college. See you in September.

Inndoctrination Calender

4
LABOUR DAY

5
Registration
(tours)

6
10:00 a.m.
Shincrona

5:00 p.m.
Barbecue

7:30 p.m.
Scavenger Hunt

7
Trip to
Centre Island
(Frisbee Golf)

8
SAC Carnival
Day
2:00 p.m.
Parade
3:00 p.m.
Carnival Begins

9
INNIS ORIENTATION
PARTY

10

11

CLASSES BEGIN

Evening at
Yuk Yuk's

12

Mixed Event
with Trinity
College

13

1st Year Dinner
at Hart
House

14

Barbecue

All Night
Film Fest
(breakfast included)

15

Blue Jays
Game at the
Skydome

16

Innis Pub
(final orientation
blowout).

sports?

Innis college offers all of your athletics many different sports. For the men we have teams in football, basketball, hockey, volleyball and soccer. We also have tournaments in tennis, badminton, squash and track and field. Aside from these teams, we also have a very extensive co-ed sports program, including curling, volleyball and innertube water polo. These sports can prove to be the easiest way for you to meet new friends, so sign up for your favorite sports during orientation and keep the Innis spirit alive.

From the Edilburo: The Inndoctrination Committee has kept its exact plans secret as of presstime. Must be a reason for this...Whatever it is, they're not telling us. A few guesses: the scavenger hunt is a drink a lot of alcohol-thing, the Pubs should have very cool music and the Bluejays will choke. More and better information should be available during Inndoctrination week (when you are reading this). A good place to look is on that big blackboard out by the pit. Better yet, ask someone.



Academic Directory 1988-89

Instructor Phone #	Innis Courses Taught	Office
ALLEN, Peter 6508		IN 325
ARMATAGE, Kay 8572	INI 429Y	IN 224
4671	INI 323Y	
(N.C.) 8287		
BRIDGES, Scott 7434	Commerce Tutor	IN 307
BURRELL, Terry 7458	INI 495S	IN 206
DUFFY, Dennis 4147		IN 317
ELLIOT, Jean 5950	Later Life	P&C Rel.
	Learning	
GIBSON, Bob 7458	INI 421Y	IN 206
GREENWALD, Roger 4871	INI 203Y(A) Writ	IN 323
	Mag/Writers'shp	
HARRIS, Robin 7433	H.I.F. President	IN 301
HAYNE, BARRIE 4146	INI 328Y	IN 234
HEATHCOTE, Isobel 4144	Co-Ordinator	IN 207
(U.C.) 2530	Environmental Studies Program	
	INI 220Y	
	INI 491Y	IN 226
HOWARD, Patricia 4145		
KING, David 7023	V-Princ/Prgms.	IN 123/314
4871	Dir/Dir. Wrt. Lb	
KING, Shelley		IN 302
MACDONALD, Doug 7458		IN 206
MCDONELL, Pat 8571	Math Tutor	IN 313
OSTOVICH, Helen 7382		IN 230
PETERSON, Patricia 7463	CO-Ordinator	IN 206
	Urban Studies Program	
	INI 235Y	
	INI 306Y	
PIERCE, John		IN 302
RIENDEAU, Roger 3424	INI 204Y	IN 324
4871	INI 202Y	
	Can. Jour. Afr.	
	Studies	
ROLPH, Wendy 7271	Co-Ordinator	IN 231
ROWEIS, Shoukry 4955	Cinema Studies	JG1 360F
SAVAN, Beth 7458	INI 320Y	IN 205
SKVORECKY, Josef 8574 (ERIN) 828-8574	INI 420Y	IN 233
STREN, Richard 7170, 3424		IN 324
TESTA, Bart 8574	INI 112Y	IN 233
TOLTON, Cam (VIC) 585-4442	VIC 320Y	
WHYTE, Rodney IES	VIC 112Y	
ZRYD, Michael 8574	INI 496F	
	INI 321Y	IN 233

All phone numbers listed are 978 series, unless otherwise noted. Most #'s are in Innis, but a few others made the cut. If its just four digits, its Innis.....



You Are Here

Administrative Listings

Name	Room	Phone	Position
AMNESTY	210	7434	
ARNOLD, Adele	118	2511	Administrative Assistant to the Registrar
BERLOVE, Noah		6187	Vladimir
BROWNE, John	125	2510	House Manager
CLARK, Flora	119	2511	Principal; Glorious Leader
DAVEY, Phyllis	Library	4497	Academic Counsellor
DeSOUZA, Martha	131	5809	Cinema Studies Secretary
GONZALES, Sara	131	7203	Secretary to the Principal and Vice-Principal/Academic Secretary
HANKS, Arthur (aka @nty)	305	4748	Innis Herald
INNIS PUB (aka CAFE)		4808	Editorial Contact
KING, David	123	7203	Vice-Principal and Academic Coordinator
MALONEY, Beatrice	117	2511	Secretary to the Registrar
McDONELL, Pat	313	8571	Math Counsellor
MORRIS, David	322	7790	Innis Film Society President
PERRY, Audrey	124	4332	Administrative Officer
POULOS, Linda	120	2511	Registrar
POWLEY, Jean	Library	4497	
SCHON, Barbara	Library	4497	
SHEDDEN, Jim	322	7790	Secretary to Administrative Officer/ Harold Innis Foundation Executive Secretary/ Can. Jnl. Afr. Studies/Master of Portfolios
SPENCER, Gary	121	2512	Manager Of Residence and Physical Services
ZANGARI, Gloria	122	2512	Secretary to Manager of Residence and Physical Services



John Speaks

an address from our glorious leader
Welcome and welcome back!
To the new students: You have come to Innis during exciting times - the college begins its second quarter century by planning for a new residence.
Don't hesitate to ask for help from anyone in the college - we're all here to help you if we can.
To the returning students: Be careful or someone will steal your balloons.

Essays giving you a headache?

Take two aspirin and
call us in the morning.

978-4871 Innis Writing Lab

NEWS

Jim Shedd

Less than a year into its campaign, Innis has surpassed its fundraising goal. Last November, Innis endeavoured to increase the size of its scholarship capital fund from the \$25,000 raised during the 20/20 campaign five years ago, to \$100,000 by this November. That figure will almost certainly grow to \$150,000 by the deadline.

Admittedly, this is not a huge amount of money when compared with the University's 100 million dollar campaign, but it is enough (for example) to generate interest for a minimum of ten \$1000 scholarships for Innis students every year.

Once the Silver Anniversary campaign is over, Innis will likely begin a campaign for the new residence. This fund will probably be for so-called "extras"

that the University's capital campaign is unlikely to fund (communal television sets, microwave ovens, pool tables, etc.). Innis has a history of this kind of fundraising: when we moved to our present location at 2 Sussex Avenue, the University was so strapped for cash that they built us a kitchen (i.e. the pub) without any equipment -- not even a sink! Hence, the Kitchen Sink fund was established (mostly with funds raised from parents of Innis students and alumni). The fund still exists today, with money generated mainly from rental of College facilities (like Town Hall), and pays for an annual entrance scholarship and many of the improvements around the College. Presently, that mainly means small items like picnic tables, but as the capital sum grows larger projects are more likely to be undertaken.

Most of the fundraising and social activities have already taken place. These have included the Kick-off Auction, the Masquerade Ball, Spring Brunch, Comic Book Confidential screening (with director and Innis alumnus, Ron Mann present), the Rostoker Memorial Lecture, and the raffle which was drawn last June at Innis's annual barbecue. The most significant single fundraising event was the Silver Plate Dinner held at the Faculty Club, with guest speaker David Crombie. This event, organized by the Innis alumnus Mark Weisdorf, raised over \$25,000 for the College.

The official closing of the Silver Anniversary will be a Monte Carlo Night to be held in the pub on November 4th. Watch this space for more details.

WEIRD TRIPS

Alan Sharpe

(Editor's note: Alan Sharpe, our Globe and Mail correspondent, ran away to the circus this summer where he sharpened his observational skills. This article is composed of excerpts from his diary.)

Week One: Ontario

MAY 2 Simcoe: Circus is full of interesting people. Greco Jr. is third-generation clown who spends entire day stoned on grass. Chats to kids, balances broom on nose, and does "needle-thru-hallonn trick" every show without knowing where he is.

May 3 Alliston: Ari is master of ceremony, who also does juggling and unicycle act. Thinks Canada is run by "an ambassador," screws fifteen-year olds in his truck without qualms, and describes himself as "a loveable asshole."

May 4 Parry Sound: Mike, the elephant trainer, says "Forget the actual show, the purpose of the circus is to separate people from their money as quickly as possible."

May 5 Pembroke: Most prop hands are drunks, drifters, ex-cons, and guys who can't hold down a job. Performers haven't asked for my story, so must treat me like a dickhead. Days are long. Seems yesterday was typical.

Climbed out of Budget rental truck at 5:30 after night sleeping with props. Breakfast: three cups coffee and three muffins at Tim Horton's. Drove remaining one hundred kilometres to Parry Sound. Found hockey arena. Set up circus by 12:30. Lunch at Burger King. 11ad hour nap. Doors at 15:30, show at 16:30. Finished at 18:30. Doors at 19:00, show at 20:00. Finished at 22:00. Tore down equipment. Drank two

beers in car park. Left arena at 23:30. Drove 150 kilometres. In bed at 02:55. Up at 06:00 to drive remaining 170 kilometres to next town to do same again.

May 6 Smiths Falls: Tour is fifty-four cities in fifty-six days. Distance covered will be 6,386 kilometres. No days off. Irene, the chimp trainer, says most prop hands are incredibly stupid. I don't doubt it.

Week Two: New Brunswick

May 9 Petit Rocher: Circus has traditional acts but is small. Twenty performers manage, between themselves, to do the following: A dog act, chimpanzee act, elephant act, lion act, foot juggling, aerial ballet, teeterboard, acrobatic act, clown gags, trampoline act, unicycle act and juggling act.

May 10 Campbellton: All the acts live in Florida, mostly in Sarasota, "the circus capital of North America." Most work nine to ten months a year and spend winter at home.

May 11 Edmundston: Leigh Morris gets up at seven o'clock

every morning to clean out the elephant trailer. He lays water hoses and electricity cables to his trailer. He does two shows a day in his family's elephant act. On good days he earns \$30-\$40 selling popcorn. He travels about 30,000 miles a year. Leigh is 8 years old.

May 12 Sussex: Ricky Aguilar is 12 years old and can map read his way across the United States. He is fluent in two languages, and will have a job for life if he remains an acrobat. But Ricky has never been in a baseball team or gone to summer camp, and wishes he could. He also thinks his future is predetermined. "What else can I do for a job?" he asks, "I sure don't want to work at McDonalds."

May 13 Fredericton: Gordon, a one-time catcher for the Ringling Bros. trapeze act, reckons circus kids get a better upbringing than "town kids" because they are in a healthier environment. "They're not exposed to the same types of pressure as town kids are," he says. "Drugs, peer pressure, you don't find these in the circus, certainly not to the same degree anyway."

May 14 Oromocto: Bill Morris says kids need firm discipline: "They need a good belt when they are bad." "I don't beat my kids, I don't hit them about the face," he says, "but I use a belt on their backsides if they need it. And they often need it."

May 15 Newcastle: Greco Jr., when asked by Time magazine what the difference was between the circus and theatre, replied: "The living conditions."

May 16 Caraquet: André, the lion tamer, charges US\$6,000 a week for his act. Bill Morris charges US\$5,000 for his elephant act, and makes about \$1,500 a week on elephant rides. Clowns get about US\$500 a week, and

prop hands earn US\$306 (in Canada). In the US prop hands get paid far less, usually US\$100 a week.

Week Four: Nova Scotia
May 23 Windsor: Greco Jr., on the nature of a circus kid's academic education: "Sure some kids miss out on subjects like biology. But these kids know which end the elephant shits from."

May 24 Digby: Al Stencil, circus owner, says European circus kids often speak five languages since they grow up with kids from all over Europe. Many are "worldly wise" to an extent that town kids are not.

May 25 Yarmouth: Peter, the candy floss man, grew up in circus in Austria. Attended at least 400 schools all over Europe. Many stands were for three days. "First day I stood up and told class about circus. Second day the class went to the circus. Third day we all had to write a composition about circus. I didn't learn a thing at school."

May 26 Shelburne: Ari says lots of advantages to growing up in circus: Grow up fast, learn to look after yourself, and learn a trade from early age. "When I was eight and wanted time off to myself, Dad would say 'Sure, but you go everywhere on your unicycle.' I had to climb stairs on the fucking thing."

May 27 Dartmouth: Vickie Howie, foot juggler and aerial ballet artist was part of family acrobatic act at age two. "Dad held his arm out straight with me standing on his hand. It was a great finale."

May 28 Dartmouth: Ari was part of family act at eight, had his own routine at twelve making \$200 a week, and at sixteen had his own home. He completed grade five through correspondence school

"and picked up whatever else I needed to as I went along."

May 29 Summerside, PEI: Ricky Aguilar, twelve, on how he manages to do his school work on a tour like this: "I get up early."

Just before his act, Greco Jr. fell the fifteen feet from his stilts, landed on concrete ramp, and broke his right leg.

Week Eight: Newfoundland

June 20 Baie Verte: Bill Morris, on the circus animal training process: "I don't care what anyone says, you can't be an animal trainer and get your animals to work for you unless they have the fear of God in them."

June 21 Deer Lake: Cindy Morris says worst thing about traveling circus is lack of privacy. "Kids, adults, are always hanging around our trailer, gawking and asking questions. We had our Thanksgiving dinner last year in a K Mart car park."

June 22 St. Anthony: Mike Hackenburger, elephant trainer, on why he does not train chimpanzees: "I have no wish to work with strong, psychopathic criminals."

June 24 Corner Brook: Mike and I were discussing how Mexican circus acts undercut North American acts by working for much less money. I said: "It seems that in Mexico the option is to join the circus or get into drugs." Mike replied: "It's the same thing. They're both escapes from reality."

June 25 Stephenville, Last Day: I asked Greco Jr. if circus people had an expression for performers who left the business and became "townies." "Yea," he laughed, "we call 'em smart."

Melissa on SAC

Interview by blitz

Blitz: I'm talking to Melissa Young, External Affairs Commissioner at SAC. She's also an Innis student. Ill.

Blitz: Why don't you start out by telling us briefly what the External Affairs Commission is?

Melissa: The External Commission is, in my opinion, the most exciting commission at SAC. There are three commissions on the Executive and we're elected by the Board of Directors. External Commission is the liaison between the University and the different levels of government- municipal, federal and provincial- as well as the community. It's the lobbying voice to the provincial government on issues like underfunding. We're trying to get students considered worthy of subsidised housing and things like that, plus community events- getting the University involved in the community as well as bringing the community into the university. The other two commissions, just so you know, are Services and University Affairs. Services deals with the SAC pub, bands...

Blitz: Losing money, in other words.

Melissa: No, spending money- spending money to make money.

Blitz: To lose on the pub.

Melissa: No, actually the pub has been in the red (black?) since the middle of last year. We make a lot of money on the pub now. People are going there. The pub isn't a pretty place, but beer is cheap.

Blitz: Not as cheap as Innis' beer, but nonetheless...

Melissa: Services also does the Datebook and the kind of stuff. University affairs deals with internal stuff- the clubs, the administration, ACCESS, access for physically challenged individuals, sexual harassment, things like that.

Blitz: So how did you rise from little Melissa Young in first year to the powerful ruler of external affairs that you are now, who sits in her own office and surveys the activities of thousands of undergrads? Enquiring readers want to know.

Melissa: When I was in first year at Innis, I wasn't involved. It was strange- there was the Innis council- the ICSS- and that was visible, and then there was the SAC thing that kept getting criticized in the papers and everything and I thought, "What is SAC? Who is SAC?" Then Chris Thiessenhausen asked me to nominate him for one of the vacant chairs in the by-election and I thought, "Oh, this is interesting." By the end of my first year I wanted to run for SAC, I wanted to be involved with SAC and bring it to Innis. So I ran. I made posters and got a lot of heat and talked to a lot of people and found out why people hate SAC. And the more things I heard the more excited I was to be involved. I wanted to prove everybody wrong.

Blitz: Maybe you have a desire to be hated.

Melissa: Yeah, something like that. I wanted to prove everybody wrong, that SAC isn't really shitty- sorry, can I say that?

Blitz: You sure can- this is the Herald.



Melissa: All right, freedom of speech. Last year was a very interesting year as SAC representative. It was a very bad year at SAC. The executives fought, they hated each other, so...

Blitz: And the Vice-President came out in favour of censorship.

Melissa: There was a lot of internal fighting; there wasn't any leadership from the executive. I was really discouraged and wasn't going to run again. Chris T. was running for President, as well as Tom Brown, who I'd been a deputy under, and Charles (Blattberg) and the Socialist Action slate, and none of them seemed to be someone I could work with as SAC President. They didn't have the same vision of SAC that I did- that SAC is the umbrella, SAC is the unifier of the whole university. But Chris yelled at me and said it would be good to have someone with two years experience for continuity.

Blitz: Also you're the cutest SAC rep.

Melissa: Anyway... (laughter) So I ran and I'm glad that I did.

When I ran, I really wanted to do something that would be effective in portraying my vision of SAC. I wanted to deal with the problem of apathy and people who hated SAC, stuff like that. So I ran for External Commissioner and I won. I have a very strong commission, my deputies are tremendous. Two are from Scarborough, one is from St. Mike's, and one is from Victoria College- two guys and two girls. We're creating interesting policy on things like fees, China, the environment, et cetera.

Melissa: On behalf of thirty thousand undergrads, I will never say, "Yes, we're in favour of abortion," because there are students here who are violently opposed to it... although I am very pro choice.

Melissa: I can't expect everybody to be involved, but to be involved in SAC, and my commission especially, is really interesting. At times it gets to be extremely political.

Melissa: My budget hasn't been passed yet, but I'm looking for \$60,000 a year.

Blitz: How would you allocate that?

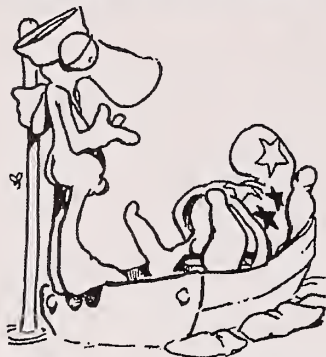
Melissa: \$36,000 goes for projects- there's ten projects that are going to be happening. A lot of that money goes on posters and publicity and speakers. \$12,000 is going towards scholarships, two of which will be \$1,000 entrance scholarships for people going into first year. The other two will be something new- they'll be third world scholarships. They're set up for any undergrads who would like to design a program during the summer to work in a developing nation, whether it be an educational program or something to do with the environment or farming or whatever. There are two \$5,000 awards, and if it gets going we'll try for government help or corporate sponsorship. My budget also includes \$3,500 for lobbying and \$10,000 for research.

Blitz: You're also going to be doing a column for the Herald, hopefully.

Melissa: Yes, so if anyone has any questions about SAC, I have a box at Innis or you can reach me at SAC. I invite you all to come and visit me- no, Blitz, you can't move in. What I want to do is unify all the colleges. SAC is an umbrella.

(As we attempt to go to print, it appears that all you starving readers will just have to wait until next issue to read Melissa's column. If you have any questions about SAC or Melissa or anything, just drop them in the Herald submissions box or give them to blitz or @ry or whatever end hopefully Melissa will get them and maybe even answer them, okay?)

RANDOM THOUGHTS



Have a Bev.

article by Rick, the little Eli. The new student year is upon us and we are no closer to getting underage Innis students into Innis Pub nights. Last year a series of arguments were raised that made sense but did little to budge the intractable alcohol police at Simcoe Hall. The one response we received was from go-between Mr. Jim Delaney who castigated one of our columnists for failing to realize that someone could get hurt or even killed at a pub event. The reference to injury or death was supposed to remind us how careless we are being in not realizing that Simcoe Hall has chosen the safest path for us by banishing undergrads from events where alcohol is present.

However, Simcoe Hall is being just as illogical as Ontario society. A twenty year old student could drink one or two beers and injure himself at a dance as easily as a seventeen year old. In fact, it would be easier, because he would be *legally entitled* in a beer. An eighteen year old (who, by the way, is deemed old enough to vote, get married, smoke addictive, cancer causing cigarettes, and die for her country) would have to somehow circumvent several tight security checks to get his or her hands on a cold frosty.

The failure of Simcoe Hall to consider each college as a separate case is an annoyance. Innis apparently must suffer because of abuse by other colleges and universities. The fact that Innis pub nights are small events (sometimes small enough to be considered non-existent) rather than gonzo beerfests carries no weight among decision makers. There was a perfectly sane bracelet policy that was strictly enforced at Innis. It allowed unbraceleted undergrads to come dance the night away but did not allow them to drink. We are told that the bracelet system is too risky to be continued. One might as well suggest that having the party itself is too risky. Perhaps we should ban alcohol on campus. That way we could really protect our liquor licence.

I suppose what bothers me the most is Simcoe Hall's sudden concern for our physical well being. Mr. Delaney warned that someone could become injured or die (in large capital letters). Until recently the University of Toronto had invested sizable amounts of money directly or indirectly in a country that has tortured and murdered thousands of people. The University of Toronto has accepted, and no doubt will continue to accept, funds for military research. I do not believe that such research is carried out without the goal being to come up with something that will injure or kill someone.

The University will pardon me for finding its sudden concern for the physical well being of human beings to be the height of hypocrisy.

Us folks down here are used to this bureaucratic malarkey, but we prefer honesty. The truth is that the University simply does not want a lawsuit. However, since a lawsuit could result from an injured party of any age, shouldn't Simcoe Hall reconsider the bracelet system? If not, it should do us the favour of not hiding behind a putently phony motive of concern for our well being. The real motive of Simcoe Hall regarding alcohol policy on campus is entirely selfish. It is also misguided. We can all live with the truth.

Jim's Bitch

Jim Sheddin

Two favorite pastimes of Innisites (myself included): complaining about how bad the Innis Pub is; and eating in the Innis Pub. Most of us are sick to death of the same old menu, week after week, the microwaved lasagna (with the frozen centre), the scant portions of see-through meats and cheese served on stale buns (often with that authentic "thawed out" flavour). We can't stand to sit at sticky, wobbly tables, in chairs unable to support anyone weighing more than a hundred pounds. We hate it alright, but because of a combination of naive optimism, laziness, nostalgia, convenience, ignorance and masochism, we keep coming back for more.

The Innis Pub is the one common denominator of all members of the Innis community. Students, academic staff, administrative staff, "friends" of the College, and even some alumni all frequent the place on occasion, to buy food, to sit down, have a drink, have a smoke, or just chat.

The Pub is also one of Innis's distinguishing features. Often when I tell acquaintances outside of the university that I work at Innis, they ask if "Fuzz" -- or the "guy who raises reptiles" -- is still running the pub (he's not, but that's only been the case for a year and a half now). Just as often they ask whether we still have the huge variety of imported beers (we don't), cheap beer (we do, relatively speaking), jugs of draft (nope), pickled eggs (no, again), and the best (or "only palatable") food on campus (in my opinion, no once again).

The character of the pub radically changed four years ago when Innis abandoned the meal plan for Vladimir House students (now they have the option of buying into New College's meal plan). The food quality had taken a dive in those last

few years of the meal plan, but there was always something edible, always lots of variety, at least, more variety than we do now. We even had ice cream! The pub served three meals a day, five days a week. AS I said, the quality kept declining; nonetheless, since it was a student eatery, the food was dirt cheap.

In the fall of 1985 the Stub Lane Pub became the Innis Cafe (though the name, the "Innis Pub" still sticks). The large, sturdy British pub-style tables and captain's chairs were replaced with the rather flimsy, delicate "cafe" tables and chairs we now possess (ironically, after about two years' use the new decor needed an overhaul -- two more years and the pub looks sadder than ever). I am told, by those who know better than I, that the new arrangement was necessary to accommodate more people (even though we were cutting off the meal plan, thus eliminating an important "core" of pub patrons). The pub walls were painted; the dart board was removed; cork boards inside the pub and on the north doors leading into the pub were removed.

Other more important "improvements" were effected. Fuzz, for example, was told to tie his hair back and wear the official uniform. And the food changed. At first, we were treated to rather expensive salads and sandwiches on "Pioneer" bread. The same pub that used to serve "Noodle Surprise" and "Hungarian Noodle Bake" had now begun serving "artichoke salads". The 70 cent bowl of soup (now reinstated) became the \$1.50 bowl of soup.

The "feminization" of the Innis Pub (as one unnameable source -- an instructor at Innis -- put it) was largely unsuccessful. The following year, 1986-87, saw its further deterioration. Still not willing to admit to itself that it was the Innis Pub, and not a campus version of Bersani & Carlevalle, the Pub nonetheless started to introduce such gourmet classic dishes as microwaved hotdogs, Jamaican Meat Patties, Beef-a-toni, and so on. Plastic dishes replaced real dishes; the dishwasher was more-or-less laid off (and I was hired -- mainly to throw out garbage for a couple of hours a day). Fuzz still played CBC-FM during the day, for that gentle feel, but it was clear that the pub of days-gone-by was not returning.

So what's wrong? I have been prompted to start this bitch-column about the pub by three recent incidents: the offensive stench of grease that has permeated the halls of Innis this summer (not as bad as last summer, when deep-fry-er Mike was in charge, but still pretty offensive); the news that environmental correctness at U of T means switching from plastic plates to paper plates -- I am told by those with decision-making power that it is economically unfeasible for the Pub to use real dishes (even though almost all private enterprises in the University area, who must pay rent and turn a profit, after all, unlike the University's food services, find a way to use real dishes and cutlery); and a recent conversation with "Fuzz", my ex-boss in the Pub and one knowledgeable about University procedure, who argued that the pub couldn't be much better run than it is now, that more variety was almost impossible, that the food and services provided now were about as good as we could expect. If a serving of microwaved lasagna (rarely properly done, usually with a cold, if not semi-frozen centre), a piece of lettuce and tomato, and a piece of stale pre-buttered bread wrapped in a paper napkin, all served up on a sometimes melted plastic plate (every day), is the best we can expect from our College pub, why do we bother patronizing the place? I know places, on and off campus,

that will serve a greater variety of food, with real dishes, and cooked properly, for roughly the same price; why do I, and dozens of other people, continue to patronize the pub? Let's stop tolerating the pub's use of plastic plates, knives & forks (even when they switch to paper it is obvious to me that they are still committing a major offense against our environment -- and against our sense of taste -- our disdain of the pub's plastic dishes is as much an aesthetic protest as it is an environmentally-aware protest). Let's say "no thank you" to microwaved entrees, stale reads, inadequate portions (say, the various meats and cheeses on our sandwiches), dirty, wobbly tables and chairs, and the pub's total lack of variety. Let's not take "we can't toast a bagel" for an answer anymore.

Because of the "importance" of the pub for Innis, both inside and outside the College, the last four years of its development have been distressing to witness. In the spirit of constructive criticism, I am beginning this column to examine the pub in terms of its food quality, quantity and price, its physical surroundings, service, and general atmosphere. In future Heralds, I will be enquiring it to the other food and beverage services on campus and in the surrounding area. Comments, disputes, and whole columns from others will, naturally, be appreciated. At the very least, this column will act as a service to let people know the alternatives to the pub; perhaps if we're lucky, we might even effect positive change.

The Celtic Elf Comments:

While I have no real quarrel with Jim's diatribe, and while he may wholly disagree, I and the other cafeteria scumworkers feel that he neglected one major improvement at Innis Pub -- the music. CBC-FM may have been "gentle", but it was also dreadful.

Improvement #1: You can now hear the music. As a patron in the past, more often than not, I could only hear the damn thing when Bob Willis + the Playboys (a Fuzz favorite) were getting down.

Improvement #2: The music itself: VARIETY! Despite a preponderance of the Grateful Dead early on, we finally struck a balance. Now you can hear anything from The Replicaments to Wagner, The Shangri-La's to Black Sabbath, Billy Bragg to B.B. King. (If the Dead are always playing when you come in, really it's just a coincidence!) We also play most requests, save people like Wayne Newton or kick Assley. (Fother and son?)...



Melissa on SEX

more fun with blitz and mel

Blitz: Well, we're back after an interesting but thankfully off-the-record discussion about Melissa's sexual ambitions.

Melissa: Sexual ambitions? Blitz: Well, desires, goals. How would you put it?

Melissa: Yes, I do hope to lose my virginity by the end of this year.

Blitz: Well, good luck. It's a valid ambition. I'm hoping to lose mine as well.

Melissa: You mean you hope to find it again. Blitz: No, I've had enough time to do that.

Melissa: Sex at U. of T.? There's not enough of it. I think one of the reasons people are so tense here is because they don't have enough sex.

Blitz: Why do you think people aren't getting laid?

Melissa: No time. Everyone's studying so much, everyone's so hung up on relationships....Even in residence there wasn't enough (sex).

Blitz: And the Innis Herald aims to change that, (laughter)

Melissa: Don't tell that to frosh. Their parents are going to read this.

Blitz: But I'm not trying to please their parents, I'm trying to create an interesting paper for the U. of T. community. It's a fact that people get laid.

Melissa: I'm not saying that everyone should go out and have sex. You just shouldn't be inhibited in exploring how you feel. Seize the moment.

Blitz: Seize your partner too. Melissa: Even just making out with someone is fun, and there's nothing wrong with a good petting session; you don't always have to sleep with someone.

(After this illuminating exchange, we tried some word association. Here's the answers she gave.)

SAC: "Hack."
U. of T.: "Guys."
Ramones: "Sex."
The Gorn: "Freaks."
Innis Cafe: "Euchre."
Grateful Dead: "Head."
Actually, fucking is what I thought of. Seriously, I lust for Jerry Garcia. I'll put cheeseburgers on my chest so he can eat them off."
Shake Appeal: "Darkness."
God: "Sex. I don't know why."
Nazi Skinheads: "Assholes. Fuckheads."
Rob Stanley: "Nice guy. Cute."
Telephones: "Sex."
Money: "Nothing comes to mind."



RANDOM THOUGHTS

Activist Education Among the Hidebound

Braz

The University of Toronto houses the facilities and resources necessary to an individual in pursuit of some level of intellectual enlightenment. A fairly diverse scope of subject matter is covered in both available courses and literature. An estimable body of professors guarantees the availability of an extensive amount of information. And, of course, an immense and disparate collection of students promises challenging peer stimulus. Why then is this university so stilted and hidebound?

The current of the socio-political thought of the 1980's has weighed heavily on this university. The Mulroney-Reagan decade has influenced everything from the curriculum to the attitudes of the professors down to the ideology of the students.

The curriculum is centred around highly conservative content: white, male, Right-wing, and pro-Corporation. Eurocentric courses dominate all areas of study. A quick look through the calendar shows that all departments - History, Political Science, Drama, Economics, Fine Art History, etc. - are deeply biased in content and approach to the white western world. Of course, some progressive steps have been taken and must be acknowledged; courses addressing African, Asian, Marxist, Labour, and Women's issues and approaches to study are sporadically present. The presence of these elements is very progressive but they are still relegated to positions of secondary importance. Their influence should be present in the consciousness of both educators and students instead of being viewed as "special interest courses".

The professors at this university suit the curriculum. Beneath the facade of an unbiased, academic approach to topics of study, they are perpetuating the saturating biases present in the educational system. All areas of study are tainted by the often unsympathetic views of the professors. This is seen especially in courses which address national/racial or ideological issues. You would have a difficult time finding an African historian teaching European history or a Marxist economist teaching Capitalist economics but in both cases the reverse is commonplace. Thus, even the "progressive" courses offer little more than the status quo with a twist.

The students at the U. of T., as stated above, are a varied group such that any overview would be cursory and simplified, but certain patterns are notable. It is certainly the students that have been profoundly influenced by contemporary socio-political culture. Any progressive idealism which could have miraculously survived the 1970's was beaten nearly senseless through the Mulroney-Reagan years and will continue to be so affected into the next decade. It is impossible to read the collective student mind, but it is simple to read its actions, or more accurately, inactions. Sadly, most students are not interested in the most relevant issues: racism, sexism, militarism, and environmental issues. Or if they are interested they are not acting on their interests. A minority of the student population is working, and working very hard, to address and affect these issues. Their efforts are truly admirable and of greater relative importance than anything else that goes on at this university. Unfortunately, the axiom is true: "There is strength in numbers" is true. The groups working for change must first work for numbers; and recruiting from the apathetic is no elementary exercise.

Student activism is viewed with disdain among specific groups on campus. These are, without fail, the groups which rely on the entrenched, systematic biases being attacked for their privileged position. Others see it as unfashionable or outdated. This infantile attitude has created the most pathetic part of the student strata as its proponents end up doing absolutely nothing under claims of centrism, relativism or, sadly the most common, disinterest. Inaction is not nonalignment; the status quo owns the fence.

In your classrooms this year, you are going to be exposed to a large amount of information. But if you wish to really learn the facts about relevant issues then you must rely on yourself. Before you lose yourself among the tangle of sedentary pseudo-philosophers which dominate the student body, one should get involved with active student groups. If you face the issues first-hand and work for social or political change, you will earn a much fuller, more relevant education than you will receive simply sitting within hearing range of your professors. The most complete education is an activist education.

Jester Speaks

Article by Simon Jester

Sometimes, I like to talk about girls. Other times, it's politics. But right now I'd like to talk about something a touch more risqué, namely weed. This past summer I've been thinking about weed a lot, and the more I think the more confused I get. I understand the drug side of things well enough: you roll it, you smoke it, and you listen to the Grateful Dead. No problems there, except that sometimes I get in the mood for Husker Du instead. But that's a minor thing. What I don't understand is the logic - or flagrant lack of logic - behind the laws concerning it. I start wondering what it is about weed that makes the lawmakers so opposed to it, and why they only discovered this evil side to it in the 1930s, around 160 years after George Washington got into it, not to mention several millennia after shamans started using it as a religious sacrament. I also wonder why they're quite happy to let people smoke themselves to death with cigarettes, or drink themselves to death with alcohol or stress themselves to death with caffeine or eat themselves to death with sugar and yet get morally outraged at the very suggestion that marijuana might not be the root of all evil. Do I detect just the slightest note of hypocrisy, or - dare I say it? - fuckheadedness in the rantings of our lords and protectors?

There are two issues involved here, one moral and one practical. Morally, no government has the right to prevent one from doing anything, unless one's actions can be clearly shown to be endangering the community. A government's basic purpose is to enable its citizens to go about their lives without fear of unjust hindrance from others. A government is supposed to provide protection for its citizens from idiots with a "might makes right" mindset. As long as it does this, it is within its rights. It does not have the right to regulate what its citizens may say or, more to the point, put into their bodies. If I want to smoke a joint, the government has no right to stop me. I am not endangering anyone besides myself (and I wouldn't even be endangering myself if it weren't for the threat of Toronto's "Finest", or should I merely say "best armed", crashing the party) and therefore the government and all its servants have no right to interfere. Of course, government agents rarely see it that way; they know - infallibly! - what is right and what is wrong (where were you when God gave 52 Division the ten new commandments?) and by God they're going to enforce them, no matter how many bones they have to break and lives they have to ruin to do so. I admire their dedication, but not their pigheaded ignorance. The sad thing is that despite the fact that their treatment of dope smokers is flagrantly immoral and unjustifiable, by and large we sit back and let them get away with it. We think no further than, "At least they didn't bust me," and allow them to continue on their powertrips.

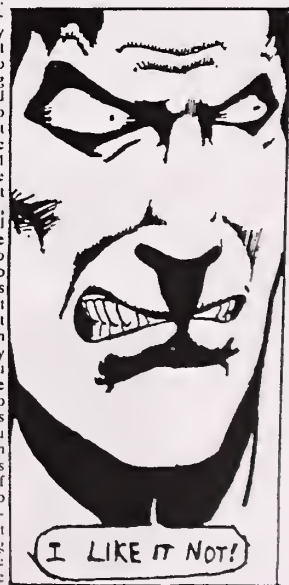
The practical side of the issue is multifaceted. First off is the simple fact that, whether or not dope indeed should be outlawed, the prohibition just isn't working. Weed is incredibly easy to find and fairly cheap. This turns the laws against it into jokes. Grim jokes, considering that every now and then a sacrifice is offered up in the name of "good government", that sacrifice being someone's future, but jokes nonetheless. The obvious solution would be to either enforce the laws better or to make marijuana legal. With typical lack of intelligence, the current trend is in favour of during the former.



As anyone who has ever tried it knows, marijuana is, quite simply, not a dangerous drug. It is not addictive. It does not damage the body. It does not cause the person under its influence to commit anti-social or violent acts. There are a plethora of legal drugs that are far worse. Even leaving the mental effects - which I consider to be highly beneficial, in moderation - it should be obvious that there is no good reason for making this drug illegal. It's time we demanded some changes in the law. And to change the law we must first change public awareness. We must make it clear that most of what is said about weed by the straights is sheer bullshit propaganda. This is difficult, because of marijuana's legal status. To admit that you smoke it sets yourself up for charges to be laid against you. Even to agitate for its legalization makes you a target for police harassment (and don't try to tell me that I'm being paranoid: I've been stopped or searched too many times by cops just for looking out of the ordinary for me to believe that the police are ever going to play fair). But as always, there is safety in numbers. I have no idea what percentage of the population smokes weed, but I would guess that it is somewhere in the area of 15%. Add to that the people who don't smoke it but are open-minded enough to admit that just because they do not do something does not mean it should be banned (in other words, those who believe in freedom) and I would guess that the percentage would rise to the area of 30% of Canada's population. Even the police can't harass that many people into silence, and even the most pigheaded politicians can't ignore that many votes. Maybe it's worth a try. Or would you rather just let the cops continue terrorizing and imprisoning your peers, friends, and eventually yourself, for a "crime" that harms no-one?



We ain't
got none



Ex-acid heads,
housewives and
businessmen
are reacting
against the
emotional
sterility of an
electronic world

HOW TO
PUBLISH
'DIRTY'
BOOKS
FOR FUN
AND
PROFIT

A rich man's penance

ENVIRONMENT



Chert Burda

Not just a load of manure

Puke Green

It really pisses me off when people jump on the environmental bandwagon for stupid egocentric reasons. Everywhere I go these days-- parties, bars, campgrounds, and (God forbid) shopping malls, people are blabbing about the ozone layer and the blue box, not really knowing what they are talking about but doing their best to sound hip on this hot topic. It's good. People are becoming aware. However, I fear for the environment becoming too trendy, for, as we all know friends are volatile and fleeting, and today's talk can evaporate from the lips of the masses as quickly as it was introduced.

Soon people are going to grow so tired of environmentally related events, songs, concerts, T-shirts, benefits, magazines, canvassers, etc., etc. Who speaks of Ethiopia anymore? If the environment is not dealt with seriously and carefully and is left vulnerable to media over-kill, the public ear may become deaf to any message, anything with the word "environment" in it, and this immunity will not be able to discriminate between what is imperative and real and what is just an advertising gimmick.

Case in point: Green products. Already we have Loblaw's Dave Nichol and his hideous little dog coming at us straight from every media source, imploring us to think GREEN, buy GREEN, but most of all to spend our GREEN on his pseudo environment-friendly GREEN products. The green ends up in his green hands, and I have no choice but to give him the big green finger on this one. Yes folks, the environment has reached its height of fame as the newest marketing strategy of this scam.

Allow me first to concede slightly by granting Mr. Nichol and his supermarket enterprise with some words of praise. It is true, as he says, that something CAN be done, and he clearly is doing something which appears to be a step in the right direction. Environmental publicity can't be all bad. If commercial advertising can brainwash people into buying just about anything however useless it may be, perhaps the continuous onslaught of Dave and his pooch and his green doctrine may inspire some of today's "indifferent" sheep to become interested and active in something important. It is better than doing nothing at all.

What concerns me is the credibility of the products so loosely labeled "green" for the shelves of participating stores and in the June issue of the "Insider's Report". What is even more disconcerting is the fact that Pollution Probe, a reputable environmental group, has endorsed a number of these products for the sake of corporate sponsorship, while turning its back on strict environmental integrity.

Some of the Loblaw's products are environmentally beneficial. The dishwashing detergent, floor soap, toilet cleaner and fabric conditioner are all environmental improvements for they contain no phosphates or chemical bleaches. Phosphates cause large algae infections in lakes, which deplete oxygen supplies and affect aquatic life and life systems all the way up the food chain. If consumers must insist on using commercial cleaning products, these "Ecover" brands are much safer and friendlier to the environment than any of the other phosphate-packed detergents on the market. However, at the same time Pollution Probe produces a brochure which claims that the best household cleansers, in terms of environmental safety, as well as cleaning performance, are those which are created from such naturally occurring substances as ammonia and bicarbonates. Thus one can safely and effectively clean the house and most household items with various combinations of the following ingredients-- household ammonia, Borax, baking soda, vinegar, hot water, washing soda, and pure soap powder. And these products can be dumped down the sink or toilet without worry. These products are often referred to as the great alternatives to hazardous household cleansers. So if you are going to use commercial cleansers at all, the "Ecover" products promoted by Dave Nichol are best. However, environment groups, particularly Pollution Probe, advocate that these other alternatives are better. Therefore, if consumers see commercial products endorsed by a well-known environmental organization, they will tend to ignore the alternatives; and, however much of an improvement these Loblaw's products may be from mainstream cleansers, the fact remains that the alternatives are "friendlier". So why bother trying to educate the public on safe alternatives at all?

The biggest piece of grief which afflicts me about this green deal is that of disposable diapers. As far as environmentally sound goods are concerned, no disposable diaper is green. Disposable diapers are one of the most persistent landfill nuisances. Along with things like styrofoam cups, they never biodegrade, at least not for generations of lifetimes, and they give off hazardous fumes. Feces-soiled diapers contaminate the landfill and can enter groundwater systems. Oh boy! Furthermore,

each child goes through at least 7000 of these things before they hit the potty. There exists on the market today a number of wonderful cloth diapers. Not the square cloth slabs which we were brought up in, but comfy, form-fitting sized diapers which have velcro fastenings instead of safety pins. There is no need for disposable diapers, especially since we are all aware of and should be concerned about the impending landfill crisis. Why an environmental group should endorse disposable diapers, just because it is not chlorine treated, is beyond me. It need not be endorsed at all. Cloth diapers should be endorsed instead, and perhaps Pollution Probe and Loblaw's could get together and market one.

These are just a few of my complaints. As I have mentioned, some of these green products deserve merit, while others I frown upon because they enice the public into becoming environmentally lazy. I could go on and on-- blah blah blah; but I rest and leave it up to you, the reader and the environmentally conscious, to examine the "Insiders Report" yourself. Do not take this as a complete rejection of all green products. Please understand it to be merely a critique of the entire campaign in general.

For example, one page boasts the environmentally good, while the next page stinks with the over-packaged, the non-biodegradable, or the non-recyclable. There is a page devoted to household cleansers containing Birex, a chemical which is bad tasting and discourages children from drinking it. That's great; but it is still a toxic cleanser wearing a new green label. The public will become confused and believe it safe for the environment. It's like wanting to save the rainforests while chowing down on a Big Mac. Well, I do it too. We all practice extreme contradictions, but only some corporations manage to profit from them. Green is good, but green is also "in". So beware consumers and always, before purchasing, ask yourself the following questions: "What happens if I dump this stuff down the sewer?"; "Will this stuff scratch my bathtub enamel?"; "Can I feed it to my goldfish?"; and, above all "If ingested, will I catch a buzz?"

Another Box Office Smash

Chert Burda

So Exxon wants its money back! For those of you too infuriated to read any news article with the headline "oil-spill" or "Exxon", here's the latest. Exxon is planning to file for a tax refund in deductions for the cost of the oil-spill clean-up. Poor Exxon is suffering from plummeting stocks, and since the jack in oil prices failed to satisfy its corporate hunger, it must prey on its victim, the taxpayer, ripping throats for 400 million in tax refunds.

Ever watch those horror movies where the antagonist, some insidious blood-dripping slime-spewing beast, keeps getting shot and stabbed and butchered and mutilated by the pursued victim who gropes frantically about a machine shop or gothic warehouse for any horrific instrument of defence (usually a great hook or electric saw of some sort)? Over and over the villain lunges at the victim, receives further blows and stabs to the head, neck and heart and falls down in agony; the victim at this point drops to his/her knees and sobs to dramatic music instead of finishing the bastard off and fleeing from the scene. So we know what happens next: the beast jumps up snarling, scaring the shit out of us, and the action resumes. The damn thing never dies; it reappears, sequel after relentless sequel.

I thought the Exxon horror was over, not that the damage could ever be reversed or the infinite repercussions denied. However, I believed that Exxon, in shame and in penance, would nicely crawl into a big hole and die, never to roar again. But hey hey hey it's back kids. VALDEZ 2. More frightening than the first. This time the monster, after savagely raping a large body of water, killing and

threatening the lives of millions, teams up with Mister Corporation, an evil shit who pillages the world, spits in our faces and hands over his dirty squandrigos to the monster Valdez. Valdez, who foams at the mouth throughout most of the movie, uses his newly-found earnings to destroy the earth and rule the world in the name of honour, greed and money. The special effects are god, and a cameo appearance by Ronnie Reagan as Skip the gas station attendant and all-around popular guy keeps the plot believable.

"... A refreshing change from today's altruistic sleepers"
- The World Bank

"... Environmental Degradation at its finest"
- Brian Mulroney

"... A smart investment"
- Exxon



On the frozen picket lines, victory still recedes



Are American families losing the spirit of adventure?

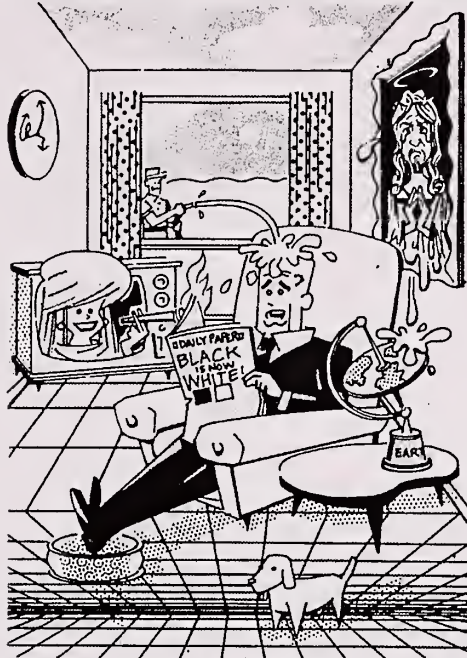
Y'KNOW,
SOMETIMES
I WONDER
JUST WHAT
THE HELL
I'M DOING
ON THIS
WORLD!



Is buying babies bad?



BACK PAGE



Mary Lives?

Arthur Wittson

When we last left Mary, she had just found out the truth about Grant Inwood; that he's no more than a common thief. This was in the middle of February. We were due to dock in Miami the next day. In a surprising turn of events, we docked in Miami on the next actual day. And as we did, we bid bon voyage to Grant Inwood and the remnants of the plot. What could possibly happen now?

"I'd better call Carlos," Mary thinks. "I bet he's got a new plot for us." While she does, Ian and Toby proceed through customs. Ian remarks that Toby's declaration looks more like the national debt. I wonder if Ian declared all the hors d'oeuvres he packed away.

Carlos tells Mary that he's found her a new tenant, and that this tenant is 'mucho macho'.

On the flight back to Santa Royale, Toby pumps Mary for info. on Grant Inwood. But Mary's not telling. Suffice it to say that Grant will be a very old man before his 'business problems are settled'. Anyway, Mary's got her mind on Mr Macho.

We're back home again. Kevin and Jenny Troon came to meet us; how sweet. But the real reason Jenny came is to check out the new resident hunk. It seems he's a pro golfer.

His name is Doug Cory (even the name is hunky). And he's "more handsome than almost any man on the face of the earth". Kev's jealous.

Later that evening Doug and Mary have a meeting. Turns out Doug's a golf pro. He's the new top dog at the country club. That means "if the greens are bad on the golf course or in a dinner salad ... he's the guy the members yell at." Everybody calls him Doug! He's 29! He went to college on a golf scholarship! He attended "Pro School" (sort of a golf-gigolo combination)! He spent 5 years apprenticing! He works 18 hour days, and even if he met a pretty girl, he wouldn't have time (or the jam) to date her. Maybe Doug's in show business.

So anyway, one of the senior members (Susan Byrne) calls Doug for extra lessons. He can call her 'Sue' when they aren't at the club. I wonder what kind of services she wants?

The next morning ol' Doug's a bit cranky. We meet a new character: Danny the assistant pro. Danny's great. Turns out Doug has to teach Sue's daughter to play golf. Danny says this Laura chick is sexy as all get out. He says "any guy in Santa Royale would give his right arm to teach her the grip." Danny's job as ass's pro seems to be to hang around the pro shop and deliver sexually suggestive one-liners.

Apparently Laurie's got a problem: she's painfully shy, doubtless Danny had a snappy response to this but it isn't recounted to us. At this point we haven't gotten a full frontal of Laurie yet so we don't know how much of a looker she is.

As Doug heads off to give the lesson, Danny suggests he start with "a tour of the woods behind the tenth green" (heh, heh, heh).

At last, full frontal of the elusive Laurie. She's pouty, tallish, with reasonable gams and hogans, and a slightly flouncy, slumping look that suggests that she never sits in a chair but rather drapes herself over it. By the way she goes by Laura or Laurie, whatever turns you on.

As the golf lesson progresses, we just know there'll be a romance here, and because this is *Mary Worth* we know it'll have problems. Sure enough. In swaggers trouble with a capital 'B'. Booze; and a Banking, Betting, Strapping, Boozin character named Tom Canton.

It seems Tom and his merry band are in the lounge, and they call Doug over to settle a golf bet. He does, and Tom insists he have a drink. But not just any drink; a 'Canton Cannonball'. Doug says he doesn't drink, but to be polite he takes the drink, and then another! Pretty soon he's got stars popping all around his head.

Well, Doug swaggers on home and calls Laurie for pizza at the ungodly hour of 10pm. Laurie dismisses him quite sharply, but blatantly leaves the door open for him to ask again. This chick doesn't seem shy to me.

Free Beer and Pizza

For All Those Who Attend The Annual Innis College Phone-A Thon On the Evenings of October 26th and/or October 30th. If You're Interested, Contact Jim Shedden in Room 322 (978 7790).

Live Dead Fridays

Πετυρνινγ της φάλλ, το της Innis Πουβ, 7:00 P.M. to 11:00 P.M. Αγε οφ Μαφοριτω ρεθυρειδ το δρινκ. Μορε Ταπεσ, Μορε Τυνεσ. Δο της αλτερνατιβε! Στ. Διλβερετ ουολδ δο της σαμε τηνγ.

The next morning, Danny fills Doug in on Tom Canton. Ya see, Tom's the club lush, and if Doug's not careful the members will 'tar him with the same brush. Fortunately this is the only time that Danny talks in rhyme. Doug tells Danny that he can take or leave liquor. Oh,ph!!

Next thing we know Doug's trying this hair of the dog thing he's heard about. And just as he's about to order his second jug, in walks Laurie. She apologizes for being so sharp with him last night. They set up a pizza date for tonight.

Then disaster strikes. In the top right corner of the next frame are the fatal words "Meanwhile on the first tee." Yep, it's Tom Canton looking for a fourth. So Doug has to play with them, and he wins of course, and Tom insists on buying him a drink. He tries to decline but then agrees to just one.

While drinking his cannonball, Tom tells him its a double (if you're only having one, make it a big one). Doug gets upset and leaves. But probably not before finishing his drink.

On the way out of the lounge he literally runs into Sue Byrne. She smells his hreath, and is not impressed. Sue in an aside to another member says she fears she's made a gross error in judgment.

So Doug goes off to his pizza date (somewhat late), and tells Laurie about the incident. Laurie's says Ma hates boozers. All the while Doug's swillin' back the ales. Doug and Laurie get into a fight and she makes him drive her home. He's failed the first date acid test, but again, she leaves the door open. However next time, he'd best show up on time and sober. By the way Laurie eats pizza with a knife and fork. I hate that.

Now we move into one of those complex time-synch split-strip sequences that Saunders and Ziegler made famous.

First, at the Byrne household, Laurie discusses the evening with mother Sue. I think there's more here than meets the eye. Both mother and daughter have strong almost puritanical feelings against alcohol. Father Byrne is conspicuous by his absence. I bet he's dead, or a dead-beat or he's in the pen for killing some kid on a bicycle.

Innis Film Society

First Meeting of 1989-90

to be held Thursday, October 5, 5:00 p.m. Room 223, Innis College (prior to the screening)

Free pizza, etc...

For more information, phone 978-7790, or drop by room 322 of Innis College.



The Lazy L Cafe

could be coming soon.

John Seed
EARTH FIRST!
RAINFOREST
ROADSHOW.

presented by Council of
All Beings.
August 21st, 7:30 PM
Med Sci Auditorium
1 King College Circle
Donations
Appreciated



TIME FOR THAT
CHECK-UP!



In the other sequence, Doug remarks: "I'm damed if I'll waste a rare evening out because some blue-nosed little brat decided she wasn't hungry!" So he heads into a tavern. 36 hours ago this guy had never touched a drop, now he's a lush.

In the tavern Doug orders a beer, but the kind that comes in a glass not a bottle. But here's wise old Tom Canton who tells him, 'you mean a draft'. Well Tom will have none of that. Bring the young boy a cannonball, and note that my glass had a hole in it. Notice how every bartender in Santa Royale seems to know what a Canton Cannonball is.

Well the two men get to drinking and talking about golf and Sue Byrne. Tom hates her.

Wait a minute, could Tom be the missing husband and father of Sue and Laurie? Nah, that'd be too corny even for this strip.

So the two guys leave, both reccably loaded, and of course they hop in their cars to drive home.....

Here, on June 12 the trail goes dry. Our Ottawa Citizen source is temporarily unavailable, so you'll have to wait to next month to see how it ends, or to see that in *Mary* it never does.

Mary fans will be pleased to know that a new record was set these past months. In the last 4 months on actual time. Mary has made it through almost 3 days.

Editors Note: As good as these Mary Worth updates are, they cannot compare to the actual strip. We urge all of you to write to the Globe and Mail, demanding that Mary be resurrected immediately.

G'bye-we love
you all.

Blitz
END

